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— THE —
JUVENILE
INSTRUCTOR,

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Designed Expressly for the Education and Elevation of the Young.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN FOR YOUNG

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

LATTER-DAY SAINTS.



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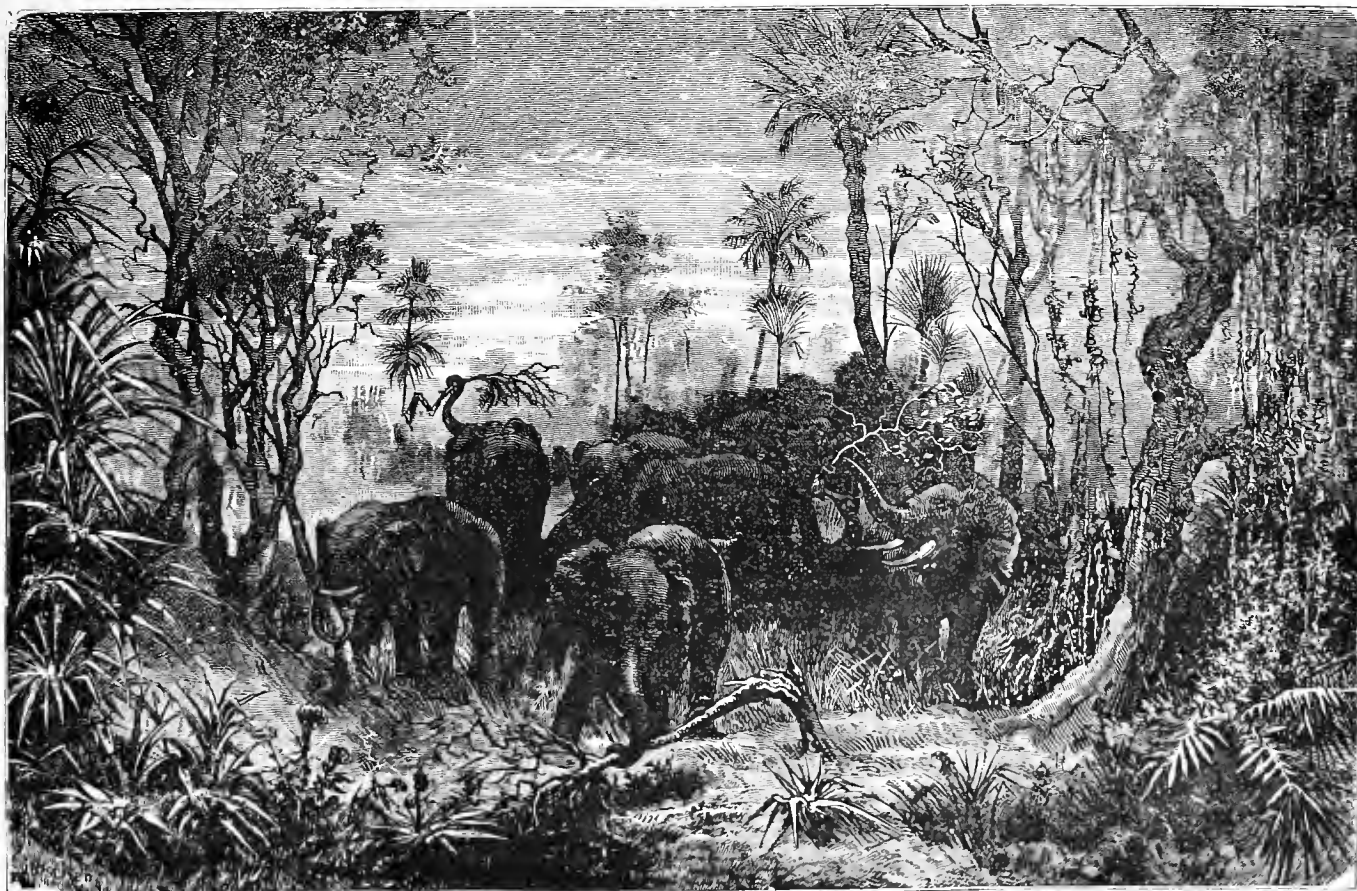
NO. 17.

A HERD OF ELEPHANTS.

THE largest land animal of the earth is very loving toward its fellows, abiding in herds for company and for operations defensive and offensive. Each herd is very select and exclusive in its membership—as much so as aristocratic human society in the West End or Fifth Avenue. So marked is this

elephants themselves. One herd will be distinguished by extraordinary stature; another by unusually strong limbs; another by great bulkiness of form; another by enormous tusks; and still another by peculiarity of trunks.

In the East Indies, these differences have long been care-



AN AFRICAN HERD MAKING A ROAD THROUGH THE FOREST.

characteristic of the elephant, that family peculiarities and distinctions are noticeable in every herd; and these kinship features are easily recognized by observing hunters and by the

fully noted in Asiatic elephants, even among the various separate herds inhabiting the same forests; and particular names have been bestowed upon elephant families—such as "High

caste" and "Low-caste." An unfortunate elephant which has become forever separated from its herd, either through the murderous onslaught of hunters who have destroyed or captured its companions, or through other mischance, is thenceforward a misanthrope, doomed to linger out its remainder of a long life of centuries in miserable solitariness. No other herd will receive it and it soon becomes maddened. It attacks man and depredates his fields most audaciously, continuing its devastation until some merciful bullet or spear ends its life of melancholy.

Comparatively few animals abide in a herd, though many herds may occupy one locality in perfect friendliness. Each herd has its own chosen leader, and this captain is usually an old and crafty as well as a very powerful creature. He is an absolute autocrat, dictating the advance or retreat of his followers. He examines all routes of march; and, being in the van, is the frequent object of assault by hunters, to whom he is a special prize because of the great size of his tusks. But at the slightest appearance of an attack his followers seek to protect him; and if the assault be pushed by hunters, the herd place their leader in the center and shield him with their own bodies, many of them falling self-sacrificed victims to their devotion.

The herds of elephants have for their favorite haunts cool, deep forests, from which they may make easy incursions to watering places and to rice fields. They are most unconscionable plunderers; but are restrained from their depredations by even the most fragile fence, of which they have a most unaccountable dread.

The march of the herd is conducted with great circumspection and good judgment. In the advance is the sagacious leader, who is constantly on the alert for danger. Passing through a traveled path, the shrewd old fellow carefully beats the ground with his trunk in search of pitfalls. When he discovers one by the hollow sound yielded by his blows, the spot is carefully surveyed and the troop stand quiet until the covering of the pit is torn away and it is unmasked and rendered harmless. Sometimes they form new roads through the forest by uprooting or breaking down the trees which stand in their line of march. They browse upon the tender foliage and upon the fruits. If hungry, and the fruit-bearing trees of the locality are too big to be uprooted and too high to be stripped, some huge bull of the herd uses his head as a battering ram. He rushes straight at the trunk of the tree and gives it such a prodigious thump that it quivers to its roots and its fruit is cast down in a perfect shower.

If the leader decides to cross a stream he plunges boldly in and his troop follow. They swim very easily wherever necessary. If the bank at which they desire to land is naturally too precipitous to be scaled, they fall upon it vigorously with their tusks, soon reducing it to the desired incline. This is often a fatal time for the elephants; for if they have taken to the water to escape the hunter, their delay at the landing place affords him a fine opportunity to pick them off with his explosive shells—especially if the stream be not more than two or three hundred yards in width.

A single elephant, either in its wild or domesticated state, is recognized as a creature of great intelligence; but the sagacity of herds in their movements and discipline is even more marked and surprising.

AN INTERESTING JOURNAL.

BY WILLIAM CLAYTON.

(Continued from page 246.)

Wednesday, April 21, 1847.—I arose at 4 o'clock, my face being easier though badly swollen. I breakfasted on fish and coffee, without bread. At 7 o'clock I started on foot, the ox teams having already gone in advance. There was some indication of rain and soon a slight shower fell. The wind was from the north-east and rather cool. A little before nine o'clock an Indian rode up to the first wagon and appeared very friendly. Soon afterward, six or eight others came running on foot from the timber about a mile to the left. At 10 o'clock we arrived at a fork in the road, the branch on the left leading to the new Pawnee village, and the branch to the right leaving the village some distance to the south. A consultation was held by President Young with Father Case, relative to the roads, river crossings, etc.; and it was concluded to take the right hand fork of the road. We proceeded accordingly, and at noon came in sight of the new Pawnee village, in an open spot on the south bank of the Loup Fork between two bodies of timber. The village appeared to be about three-quarters of a mile south of the road upon which we were traveling. At half past twelve we were opposite the village and we could then see distinctly upwards of one hundred lodges, apparently ranged in several lines, close together and in good order. We proceeded until we arrived at a long, narrow lake by the side of the timber and near to the river. At 1 o'clock the mid-day encampment was made on the bank of the lake, and guards were instantly placed at the passes, as many of the Indians had followed us. They had waded the river where there was a shoal. One of the Indians presented several certificates from persons who had previously been through the village, all declaring that the grand chief of the Pawnees was of a friendly disposition, and stating that they had made him presents of a little powder, lead, salt, etc. Heber gave the Indians a little tobacco and a little salt; President Young gave to the chief some powder, lead and salt; and a number of the brethren each gave a small amount of flour. The old chief, however, did not seem to consider the presents sufficient and said that he did not like to have us go to the West through their country; he was afraid that we would kill and drive away their buffalo. Brother Shumway told him that we did not like buffalo; but this information appeared to give him but little satisfaction. But there was no sign of hostility. In fact, all who came to camp appeared to be highly pleased to shake hands with us, and they ran from side to side so that they should not miss one of the brethren. A number of the squaws were on the opposite side of the lake digging roots. Brother Shumway says that there are about twelve thousand of the Pawnees in this neighborhood, and it is reported that there are five thousand warriors. We did not see many of them. Sarpy is at their village trading, and it is uncertain whether he will use his influence for us or against us. We have no fears, however, because their only object appears to be plunder; and it is our calculation to be well prepared by night and day. During the resting hour I spent the time writing in my journal. Shortly after 2 o'clock the ox teams started out again and the

horse teams soon afterward. The weather had been calm and pleasant for a few hours, but near 2 o'clock some heavy clouds began to gather and thunder was heard at a distance. About half-past 2 the rain began to descend heavily, accompanied by loud peals of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning. This continued until 4 o'clock. A stormy north wind blew up, the rain and thunder ceased, and the air grew very cold. We traveled until half-past 5 and then the encampment was formed on the Loup Fork of the Platte River. After the encampment was formed and teams were turned out, the brethren were all called together and some remarks were made by President Young, advising that a strong guard be kept around the camp to-night. He called for volunteers to stand guard, and about one hundred answered the call. Among them were all the Twelve, who were with the company, except Dr. Richards. These volunteers were divided into two companies of fifty each; one company to hold watch during the first half of the night, and the other during the latter half. Those of the Twelve who were to watch stood guard with the first company until 1 o'clock. Brigham and Heber both held watch. Out of the companies a party stood as picket guard some distance from the camp. The night was very cold, with a strong wind from the north-east, accompanied by considerable rain. This morning our course had been about due west; this afternoon, north-west. We are now within about three miles of the bluffs on the north. We have traveled to-day about twenty miles, the roads being good and very level. The grass here is short but looks good. The buffalo grass is very short and curly like the hair on a buffalo robe. The Spring grass does not seem to be as early here as on the Elk Horn, and the last year's growth, not having been burnt off, will be rather a disadvantage to the Spring companies. I have noticed all the way on this bottom from the Elk Horn that the ground is full of wild onions, richer and larger than any others I ever saw. This region of country is very beautiful and pleasing to the eye of the traveler, although a person can only see one kind of scenery for several days at a time.

Thursday, April 22.—I arose soon after 5 o'clock, my face being again very painful on account of cold. There has been no trouble with the Indians, and all seems peace and safety. The cannon was prepared last night for action and it stood all night just outside the wagons. Considerable fun was created this morning at the expense of some of the picket guard, whose guns had been "stolen" during the night, and Colonel Markham, who had lost his hat in the same way. The owners of the missing property had been found asleep on guard, and our men who discovered them took their weapons as a joke and a warning. But it is extremely difficult for men to keep awake night after night on watch, after toiling and marching through the day, caring for teams, cooking and performing all the necessary duties of the camp and march. At half-past 7 the train proceeded again. About a quarter of a mile from our camping spot is one of the prettiest beds of nettle which I have seen for some time. Our road this morning runs beside heavy timber and takes a westerly course. After traveling two miles we crossed Looking-Glass Creek, a small stream about one rod wide and easily forded. I still went ahead on foot and about 10 o'clock sat down on an Indian grave at the top of a mound, from which a splendid view is had of the country surrounding

for many miles. From south-east to south-west I can see the course of the Loup Fork for a considerable distance; while north-west is a level prairie, about four miles, and then a range of timber; the bluffs on the north about seven miles distant, and on the east a level prairie for probably twenty miles. At this place there is a range of what appears to be mounds, about a quarter of a mile long, running from north-east to south-west. Soon after 12 we arrived on the east bank of Beaver "River," having traveled ten miles. This little stream is twenty or twenty-five feet wide, with swift current and clear, pleasant-tasting water. The banks are tolerably well lined with timber. Here we stopped to feed and some of the brethren went to improve the fording place a little, the banks being steep on both sides. At 2 o'clock we started again, the ox teams first. When fording the river some of the brethren stood on the west bank, with a rope fastened to the tongue of each wagon, by which means they helped to get the train up the steep bank. All passed safely over in a very short time. We traveled until after 5, when we reached the Pawnee missionary station, which is about seven miles from Beaver River. We found the country more uneven this morning, there being many sharp pitches and rises. The grass appears longer and there are many weeds, while the soil looks black and would no doubt yield a good crop of corn. Last Fall this missionary station was deserted; and Brother Miller's company being at that time encamped here, they carried the missionaries and their effects to Bellevue, on the Missouri River. A beautiful location is here; on the north and west the place is surrounded by bluffs, on the south by Loup Fork at a distance of six furlongs, and on the east by descending prairies. Plum Creek runs through it, but a few rods from the house of the missionaries. Its banks are lined with a little timber. There is also a steep bluff on each side, and between these bluffs, in the valley, which is a few rods wide, the Sioux have been in the habit of coming down to make attacks on the Pawnees. The ravine is certainly well calculated to shelter an assailing force from observation. There are several good log houses here; there is considerable land, once under cultivation, enclosed by rail fences, and a good quantity of hay and fodder—also there are large lots of old and new iron, several plows and a drag, also two stoves—and all apparently left to rot. The government station is a quarter of a mile below (south) where Father Case lived as government farmer and received \$300 a year for his labor; but when Major Harvey learned at pay day last November that Father Case had "joined the 'Mormons,'" the major very politely dismissed our brother from government service. Some time since, the Sioux came down and burned the government station, houses, blacksmith shop and everything which would take fire; but the missionary station they did not molest. According to my reckoning this place is one hundred and thirty-four miles from Winter Quarters. It would be a lovely place to live in. Before dark the President called the brethren together and told them they might use some of the wasting hay and fodder for their teams, but they must not carry anything away, even to the value of a cent. He said that he had no fear of trouble from the Pawnees, but we must be prepared lest the Sioux should come down and try to steal horses. Guards and picket watch were selected to protect the ravine to the north.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

BE TRUE TO YOUR WORD.

ONE of the most valuable traits in one's character is that of fulfilling promises. A person who is true to his word can be relied upon, and is always able to gain respect and confidence.

Young folks should seek to acquire the habit of being prompt in fulfilling promises, and people will learn to rely upon their words. Many little troubles and annoyances that we have to put up with from time to time might easily be avoided if folks would all learn to keep their promises.

A little incident will show how easy it is for one to greatly vex and annoy another by disappointing him.

Two little girls who had always been very friendly towards each other were one day intending to take an excursion trip on the railroad. It was with the school to which they belonged that they were going to take this pleasure trip.

The evening before starting, one of the little girls borrowed from the other a hat which she had trimmed just for this particular occasion. Desiring to have her hat trimmed and fixed just like it, she got permission to take the hat home for a pattern, that her older sister might trim hers in the same style. It was a kind act on the part of the girl who owned the hat to lend it to the other one; and the one who borrowed it promised faithfully to return it early the next morning. But she was not true to her promise.

In the morning, after getting ready, she hastened off to catch the train, forgetting all about the borrowed hat.

In the meantime the owner of it was waiting anxiously for it, not thinking of being disappointed. At last she started off to get the hat herself, but it was now nearly time for the train to be going.

The two girls lived some distance apart, and it took several minutes to go on this errand. After getting to her friend's home she was delayed a few moments; and just as she was going out the gate the whistle sounded as a signal for the train to start.

The poor little lady was left behind! Realizing the enjoyment she would miss by being left, she knew not what to do but to break out in tears.

And all this trouble was brought upon her by the carelessness of her companion, who proved to be untrue to her word. X.

TIP AND THE TURKEY.

TIP was a great, good-natured dog with shining black, long, curly hair; a Newfoundland pup he was, about two-thirds grown. Now, my dear little friends, some of you may imagine that dogs don't understand when we are kind to them or when we are cross and ill-treat them.

But you may believe me they are very wise about many things and often do things that seem to be dictated by a reasoning power.

Now this Tip was such a happy fellow, and he lived in a great big lot, with plenty of grass to roll on, and wide, cool trees, whose branches spread out their arms in the hot, dusty Summer's day, inviting Tip to come and lie beneath their waving fingers, whispering the while to him that cool mountain breezes should lift the soft, silky curls from poor Tip's heated body; and the clover blossoms waved a fragrant welcome all the long, bright day.

Tip was one of those happy, good-natured fellows, who made friends all round his little world.

And oh, how proud he was when he could lay his long form out on the floor and let his human play-fellow make a pillow of his soft hair! And then he scampers through the grass with all the children, and I'm sure I can't tell which made the most noise, the flying, screaming children or the rushing, barking dog. At any rate when they started out for a race, the chickens scattered in every direction; and old Mother Turkey waddled and lifted up her cumbersome wings, and screamed lustily to her little brood to get away as fast as possible. And Tip didn't wait for ditches nor bridges, and neither did the children.

Tip was very fond of his kind master and mistress, but fondest of all was Tip of black-eyed little Willard who loved Tip, with quite as fond an affection.

Tip used to watch his mistress come out, and feed the little chicks, with their powdery, puffy yellow and black plumage. But most especially careful did his mistress seem to be of the little blundering, awkward turkeys. He would stand by her as she carefully attended to them, and sometimes when a little weak fellow would get over on his back, to see his mistress run to turn the tiny

peeping thing over, why Tip would be too interested in the affair to even wag his tail. And Tip began to tell himself that those turkeys must be very precious to his dear mistress.

One night, while Tip lay sleeping in the one-eye-open style that dogs usually employ, he saw a strange dog come up and by great force push up the box, under which Mother Turkey brooded her little ones, and steal one of those precious little fellows and run for the bottom of the lot. Then the squeaking and squealing that ensued; it woke up Tip's mistress who hurried out to see what ailed her turkeys. That wasn't in dog-nature to be borne. So away flew Tip after the stranger down to the bottom of the lot, and then across the other way. Tip's master had just entered the gate at the lower end of the lot, and saw the two dogs coming towards him. Did I forget to tell you it was a bright moonlight night?

Just before Tip reached his master, he made one headlong jump on the strange dog's back, and seizing the turkey, routed the enemy, who flew off the other way, and with his little squealing prize marched gravely up to his master, and laid the turkey at his feet. Wasn't that intelligence?

Poor Tip! Some unkind neighbor gave him poison, and ended him as I must end this story—at once.

HOMESPUN.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. WHEN was the Kirtland Temple dedicated?
2. Who offered the dedicatory prayer?
3. When Joseph and the quorums met again in the evening what glorious manifestations occurred?
4. What ordinances were attended to during the next few days?
5. What glorious personages appeared unto Joseph and Oliver in the Temple the following Sunday?
6. What were the words of the Savior unto them?
7. What did Moses commit unto them?
8. What did Elias deliver unto them?
9. What was the nature of Elijah's mission unto them?

The following named persons have answered the questions on Church History in No. 15:

H. Scowcroft, W. J. C. Mortimer, S. Stark, Leone Rogers, Avildia L. Page, H. C. Blood, Emeline Peters, Laura Peters.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 15.

1. WHEN and where did Joseph receive a revelation making known the calling of the Twelve Apostles? A. In June, 1829, at Fayette, Seneca Co., New York.

2. Where is this revelation recorded? A. In the Doctrine and Covenants, Section 18, of the last edition.

3. When were the Twelve Apostles chosen? A. February 14th, 1835.

4. In what manner were they chosen? A. At a meeting convened for the purpose, Joseph called upon each one of the three witnesses to the Book of Mormon, (Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Martin Harris) to pray, and then proceed to choose twelve men from the Church, as Apostles. After prayer, the three witnesses were blessed by the Presidency, and according to the revelation referred to selected the Twelve Apostles.

5. Give the names of the first Twelve Apostles in the order they were selected. A. Lyman E. Johnson, Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Orson Hyde, David W. Patten, Luke Johnson, Wm. E. McLellin, Jno. F. Boynton, Orson Pratt, Wm. Smith, Thos. B. Marsh, Parley P. Pratt.

6. Why was this order subsequently changed? A. That they might stand in the quorum according to age—the oldest first, the next oldest second, etc.

7. Give their names as they afterwards stood. A. Thos. B. Marsh, David W. Patten, Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Orson Hyde, Wm. E. McLellin, Parley P. Pratt, Luke Johnson, Wm. Smith, Orson Pratt, Jno. F. Boynton, Lyman E. Johnson.

8. When was the organization of the first quorum of Seventies commenced? A. February 28, 1835, at Kirtland.

9. Who was ordained the first President of Seventies? A. Joseph Young.

10. When did the Twelve leave Kirtland on their first mission, and where did they go? A. May 3, 1835, to the Eastern States.

"You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend." "Yes, I have been straightened by circumstances."

What is it that has a mouth but never eats, and a bed but never sleeps? A river.

What is that which becomes hotter the more you fan it? Fire.

EARLY EXPERIENCE IN THE CHURCH.

BY J. M.

MY home was in the town of Davenport, England. One evening as father and I were returning to the house from a walk, our attention was attracted by a large poster on the wall announcing that an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints would preach on a certain evening in a certain place. I did not think much of the notice until father read it and repeated the words "Latter-day Saints" several times. He then turned to me and said:

"Those people are either the best or the worst people on the earth, because their professions are such that they are either great imposters or the acknowledged of God."

I gave but little thought to the matter for my impressions had long since assumed the form that I could not believe there was any truth in religion. My grandfather had frequently talked to me upon the subject, and had shown up the inconsistencies of the doctrines taught by the various preachers of the day, and prejudices had been created in my mind which it was hard to eradicate.

However, in the latter part of the year 1850 an honest old man named Knight, who lived in the neighborhood, was baptized into the Church, and it was soon rumored about among the boys that the old man would soon be sufficiently holy to bury. He circulated notices about the meetings which were to be held by the Elders, and one night I with other companions decided to go to a "Mormon" meeting and have some fun. The people met in the best room they were able to procure, which was over a stable, the stench of which was not very agreeable. When the Elder preached, instead of laughing and making fun, as it was my intention to do when I went, I became very much interested and even chided my companions for their want of respect.

The year following my parents joined the Church, and in another year I became a member, I being then sixteen years old. This was the turning point in my life, for I was determined to lay aside my follies at that moment and serve the Lord to the best of my ability.

Some little time after this Wm. G. Mills, who had succeeded to the presidency of the conference in which we lived, came to our city and decided to hold some meetings. My father, having been a member of the Odd Fellows society, succeeded in procuring the use of their hall for holding services. The result was that people became interested and some few joined the Church. As a consequence, opposition soon commenced and efforts were made to hinder the progress of the branch.

One eveningsix or seven Methodists, who had been a source of annoyance to us before, came to our meeting for the purpose of breaking it up, if possible. On this particular night our services were to be private and only members of the Church were to be present. I had been appointed a deacon and, as our room was in an upper story with a large stairway leading to it, I went to the street door to notify any strangers who might come of the privacy of the meeting, and thus save them the trouble of ascending the stairs and then being declined admittance.

As I stood by the door I saw these troublesome fellows approaching; I therefore stepped into the hall, turned the lamp low and placed the key in the door so that I could lock it if trouble seemed as I anticipated. I politely informed them that they could not be admitted that evening, at which the leader said

he was going anyway, and called upon the others to follow him. I shut the door, but before I succeeded in turning the key, they had burst it open and were rushing past me. I seized the last one by the neck in such a manner that I could handle him very easily, and he was soon completely in my power. Just then some of the others returned to his assistance and made me loose my hold, but not until he was so weak as to be unable to help his associates. I then started up stairs when I met father who had been in the room above but now had the leader by the collar marching him down stairs.

By this time the noise had attracted quite a crowd, and some got on the stairs and tried to pull father down, but he succeeded in keeping the mastery until the police arrived who took the mobbers in charge. These latter appeared in court the following day, and were compelled to give bonds to keep the peace for one year.

After peace was restored we continued our meeting which was very enjoyable. During the progress of the same Brother Mills prophesied that within one year from that time the then small branch of the Church would number as members over one hundred souls, which prediction was literally fulfilled.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHEN the Edmunds law was first rigorously enforced with but little regard to law or evidence against the people of this Territory it was confidently hoped they would become terrified at the prospect and abandon their religion. The rules of law and courts which prevailed elsewhere in the administration of justice were deliberately set aside. The presumption that the accused was innocent until proved guilty was completely reversed. Every one accused was presumed to be guilty. He had to prove himself innocent.

It was fully expected by those who conducted this persecution that the sending of men to the penitentiary, clothing them in prison garb and making convicts of them would be so disgraceful that, rather than be subjected to this punishment, they would recant.

But to the great disappointment of those who have been conducting this crusade all, with very few exceptions, who have been convicted have cheerfully gone to the penitentiary. They have esteemed their imprisonment as an honor, and have appeared to be thankful to have such an opportunity of showing to God and men their devotion to their religion.

Could anything be more vexatious to the ruffians who have engaged in this persecution than such a spirit as this?

What is the use of punishment if it does not punish? Any attempt to degrade a man is a miserable failure if he accepts the intended degradation as an honor.

This is the case with all those convicted and sent to the penitentiary in this Territory, in Idaho, in Arizona or in Detroit, for plural marriage or what is called "unlawful cohabitation."

The design has been to attach the stigma of criminality to them. Thus far the design has utterly failed.

The men sent to prison know they are not criminals. Neither while in prison, nor after they emerge therefrom do they view themselves in any other light than as martyrs. This also is the estimate placed upon their conduct by all their co-religionists—they esteem them as sufferers for righteousness—the defenders of the great and sublime principle of religious liberty.

But it is not only themselves and their friends who take this view of their conduct; their chief enemies and persecutors feel their superiority. They are forced to acknowledge that, with all the machinery of punishment at their control, they cannot make the Latter-day Saints bow to their wishes. This utter inability to bring the people to their terms causes them to boil with rage.

Instead of being impressed and softened by the spectacle of a people willing to endure these punishments for their religion, they become more and more exasperated. They are filled with diabolical hatred, and would, if they had the power, spill the blood of their victims.

In this way they show that they are conscious of the great superiority of the people whom they would destroy.

It is always an evidence of a base and craven nature in a man to resort to such methods as are at present employed against the Latter-day Saints.

Whenever a man refuses to meet another upon equal terms, he proclaims that he considers his opponent as his superior.

Whenever men or women exhibit jealousy toward inferiors in station they lift them up to their own level. Their jealousy of them is a proof that they view them as their equals, on the points at least concerning which they are jealous.

So it is with the representatives of the nation in our midst. They are conscious that there is a power here, and their actions prove that in their secret hearts they fear it; they are jealous of the qualities which the Latter-day Saints possess.

How is it with the nation? Do not the men in power manifest an extraordinary solicitude concerning the Latter-day Saints?

If we were a power equal in strength and numbers they could show no more jealousy concerning us than they do.

The Congress of the United States, by its legislation, lifts us out of comparative obscurity into public prominence. It places us upon its own plane, and it says:

"We look upon you as a power to be dreaded. You contain the elements of great strength, and we think it necessary to crush you while we can do so. If we let you alone you will grow beyond our reach, and we cannot overpower you."

This is the secret of all these unjust laws against us and their cruel enforcement. This accounts for the readiness with which men in power trample upon the Constitution, the laws and the rules which prevail in courts of justice, that we may be reached and stricken down.

The conduct of the nation towards us is a tribute to our strength and power. It is a most excellent indication of the fear entertained concerning our future.

Yet how ridiculous it is for a nation of nearly sixty millions to feel and act in this way towards a community numbering a quarter of a million! What a spectacle for God and man! To see a great nation like ours trampling upon its charter, and its laws to enable its officials to reach a people as numerically weak as the Latter-day Saints.

If it were not afraid of us would its legislators do this?

But to return to the subject of the degradation inflicted upon those people who are convicted of plural marriage or so-called unlawful cohabitation.

Has any man in this community been degraded by being sentenced to the penitentiary? Our enemies themselves can answer this question. They know that instead of such confinement being a mark of dishonor it is a mark of honor, and that the men who have gone through this ordeal are ennobled by their submission and have become heroes.

To-day, on the streets of Salt Lake City, among the most rabid of our enemies, they would trust the men who have

been in prison for their religion sooner than they would any others. The reason is before us. These men have shown their devotion to principle; they could neither be frightened, nor bought, nor bullied into a denial of their religious convictions. Such men possess the highest type of manhood as mankind, everywhere on the earth recognizes.

The day will yet come when the children of these heroes will mention with gratification and pride that their fathers were imprisoned in the penitentiary for their religion. No parent of nobility in the old world could bring more distinction upon the families of those who obtain it than will the statement of this fact upon the descendants of those who have been incarcerated behind prison bars because they would not deny their religion.

In a recent conversation with Bishop Hyrum B. Clawson we were given a most interesting illustration of the manner in which men of the world look upon those who have suffered and are now suffering through this persecution.

Bishop Clawson was returning from Arizona, and on the way to San Francisco became acquainted with Monsignore Mori, a prominent member of the Pope of Rome's household, who had been sent to this country as the bearer of the Berretta for the new cardinal that has been recently elected—Cardinal Gibbon, of Baltimore.

In conversation the Monsignore expressed a desire to visit Salt Lake and see the city, the beauty of which he had heard greatly praised; but he did not want to see the people, as he thought them very wicked.

When he made these remarks he did not know that Brother Clawson was a resident of Salt Lake, but soon learned that fact. He was profuse in his apologies to him for what he had said and hoped he would take no exception to it.

The Bishop proceeded to inform him concerning the people of Utah, and the condition of affairs here, of all of which he was very ignorant. The conversation turned also upon the present persecution, of which the Monsignore had heard something. Bishop Clawson told him that he was one who had been in prison. He was surprised. Instead, however, of withdrawing from him or shunning him, this announcement made him more interested. He could not repress his admiration for the Bishop's zeal and fortitude, and expressed the great pleasure it gave him to meet a man who had had such an experience.

Upon parting at San Francisco, he exhibited the warmest interest in the Latter-day Saints, and especially in Bishop Clawson, and urged upon him that if he or his friends ever visited Rome to be sure and give him an opportunity of showing them every attention in his power.

In the course of the conversation he learned that Brother Clawson had a son who was an artist. He thought no artist, who possibly could, would fail to visit Italy, and of course the "Eternal City." And if the young man ever did visit there to perfect himself in his profession, he must give him the opportunity of showing him every attention in his power.

Here is an illustration of what I have before said, that confining men in the penitentiary as is now being done with the Latter-day Saints leaves no stain upon them either in their own estimation or in the estimation of men of the world. They are not criminals. They are not degraded. They are men of honor; men of high conceptions of right, who are willing to suffer, and, if necessary, die for the principles they have espoused. This is the true light in which to view their conduct, and this is the light in which it is being viewed by many at the present time, and in which it will be viewed by future generations.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1886.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

WE alluded in our last "Editorial Thoughts" to some of the different systems of religion which prevail in the earth. It is not surprising, when we examine the teachings of some of these religions, that strong nations maintained their power for so long a period. While practicing the precepts of their religion in sincerity, the Egyptians were a strong people. Among many books which the Egyptians once possessed, one called the "Book of the Dead" still remains. A copy of this was placed in every mummy's coffin. According to this book, among other things the deceased was required to state to the beings whom he had to pass before he entered into rest what his life on earth had been.

"I have not blasphemed," says the deceased; "I have not stolen; I have not smitten men privily; I have not treated any person with cruelty; I have not stirred up trouble; I have not been idle; I have not been intoxicated; I have not made unjust commandments; I have shown no improper curiosity; I have not allowed my mouth to tell secrets; I have not wounded any one; I have not let envy gnaw my heart; I have spoken evil neither of the king, nor my father; I have not falsely accused any one; I have not withheld milk from the mouths of sucklings; I have not practiced any shameful crime; I have not calumniated a slave to his master."

The deceased does not confine himself to denying any ill conduct; he speaks of the good he has done in his lifetime.

"I have made to the gods the offerings that were their due. I have given food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, and clothes to the naked."

Thus much for the Egyptians.

The Chinese, though in many respects an idolatrous nation, have a high system of morality, as the following selection from one of their books called the book of "Rewards and Punishments" will show:

"Advance along the right way, and retreat from the evil way."

"Do not betray the secret of the household."

"Be humane to animals."

"Rectify yourself and convert men."

"Have pity for orphans and show compassion to widows."

"Rejoice at the success of others and sympathize with their reverses, even as though you were in their place."

"Do not expose the faults of others."

"Bestow favors without expecting recompense."

"Give willingly."

"Don't take advantage of the ignorance of men to deceive them with lying words."

"Never divulge the faults of your parents."

"Don't rank faults as crimes."

"Don't shoot at birds, nor hunt animals."

"Don't drive insects from their holes, nor frighten roosting birds."

"Don't buy groundless praise."

"When you see others covered with glory and honor, don't desire to see them exiled from the country."

"A handsome figure excites the admiration of the world, but it does not deceive heaven."

"Don't deceive the innocent and set snares for them."

"Live in harmony with your wife."

"Wives, respect your husbands."

"Wives, be not wanting in your duties toward your father and mother-in-law."

Another book contains the following religious maxims:

"Redeem the lives of animals, and abstain from shedding blood. Be careful not to tread upon insects on the road, and set not fire to the forests, lest you should destroy life. Burn a candle in your window to give light to the traveler, and keep a boat to help voyagers across rivers. Do not spread your net on the mountains to catch birds, nor poison the fish and reptiles in the water. Never destroy paper which is written upon, and enter into no league against your neighbor. Avoid contentions, and beware not to stir up ill blood. Use not your power to discredit the good, nor use your riches to persecute the poor. Love the good, and flee from the face of a wicked man, lest you fall into evil. Hide your neighbors' faults, and speak only of their good deeds, and let your mouth utter the true sentiments of your heart. Remove stones and debris from the roadway, repair the footpaths and build bridges. Publish abroad lessons for the improvement of mankind, and devote your wealth to the good of your fellow-men. In all your actions follow the principles of heaven, and in all your words follow the purified heart of man. Have all the sages of antiquity before your eyes, and examine carefully your conscience. What good thing will be withheld from him who practices secret benefits?"

A people who follow these precepts and carry them out in their lives in sincerity are a better people than those nations who claim they have a better religion but do not practice its teachings.

Pagan nations are guilty of a great many follies and wrong acts; but, as a rule, they live more strictly in accordance with the principles which they profess than many of the so-called Christian nations. There are nations in Europe which have practiced every kind of crime upon their fellow-men and yet have thought their acts quite proper, because they were called Christians. They have indulged in the greatest excesses and have broken every commandment of the Founder of their religion and have thought themselves justified in so doing, because they declared their religion to be true and the religion of the people whom they attacked false.

Many of the men who came from Europe and conquered the nations of this continent, especially Mexico, Central and South America, were ruffians of the worst type. They indulged in murder and pillage of the most horrible character and professed to think they were doing God and true religion service because the Indians were heathens and idolaters.

Many of the settlements in North America were founded in the same spirit, and the aborigines were treated by the newcomers in the same manner.

It is not a profession or a name which makes a religion true. True religion consists more in deeds than in words. True principles, carried out in their purity, give a religion power in the earth. But if a man is called a Latter-day Saint and a member of the Church of Jesus Christ, the name that he claims and his membership of the Church are worthless unless his words and his acts correspond with his professions.

A pagan who lives up to the light that he possesses is more acceptable in the sight of heaven and all good men than the professed Saint whose words and life are false and hypocritical.

The morality of the so-called Christian world is but little, if any, better than the morality of the superior pagan nations. But moral truths alone are not all that are necessary to save a people. Yet if they are lived up to, whether in heathendom or in Christendom, they make a people great and powerful.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

BY HENELE PIKALE.

(Continued from page 256.)

ON the 1st of August, 1847, we broke camp at 6 o'clock in the morning and continued three miles down the canyon, when we entered a large, open country, called Tulare Valley. We saw herds of antelope and some elk. There was a river running through this valley, which our Indian guide told us we could not cross with our animals; and here he left us because he was not acquainted with the country beyond this point. We remained here until 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the following day, when we were overtaken by the company behind. We then all moved forward up the river six miles and camped for the night.

Captain Everett went to an Indian village to seek for a guide to direct us on our journey for a few days. The next morning he returned with several Indians, one of whom promised to go with us as a guide. The Indians informed us that we would have to travel up the river twenty miles before we could cross. We gave them a few presents and then continued our journey. After going up the stream about nineteen miles we crossed it. Some made a raft to carry over their provisions, others waded and carried their things on their heads. Our horses and mules had to swim across. The river was about fifty yards wide in this place and seemed to abound with fish.

The second day after starting, the Indian who agreed to travel with us a few days as guide refused to go any farther because we would not hire his entire company, eight in number. We were now without a guide. Leaving the Tulare Valley on our left, we traveled across hills and over lofty mountains and at night camped in a canyon where water was so scarce that we were all night watering our animals.

On the evening of the 6th, we camped in the mountains near some old Indian lodges. After supper the camp came together and held meeting.

On the 12th, camp laid by while Captain Everett and a few pioneers went up the river to examine the route and to look for Walker's Pass leading over the mountain. The next day the camp moved up the river ten miles, where they were met by Captain Everett and men, who reported that they found nothing like a pass and that we could not cross the mountain with our pack animals. A meeting was immediately called, at which it was decided that we take Fremont's route and go by way of Sutter's Fort. Accordingly the next morning we retraced our steps a few miles and crossed the river, about seventy-five yards wide. We made an early camp and were visited by a number of Indians. We talked to them through an interpreter who could speak a little Spanish. We gave them to understand that we were friends and did not wish to hurt

them. They said we could lie down and sleep in peace. They sang and danced for us in their way.

On the 18th of August we camped on a beautiful river. The country was rich and fertile and abounded with game of various kinds. Wolves were so tame they would not run from us, but would suffer us to pass within a few yards of them, while they would either stand and look at us or lie down in the grass as if to hide from our view. But they sometimes gave us trouble by cutting our animals loose at night when staked out with raw-hide ropes. The coyotes were great thieves and would steal the meat out of the camp-kettles at night, or from under the pillows upon which we slept. I have had my bridle drawn away from under my head by a thieving coyote.

On the evening of the 20th we camped near a river, where we were visited by some Indians, who sold us corn and melons. They told us of some Americans living down the river about nine miles. We were of the opinion that they were some of our brethren, and the next morning Brother Andrew Lytle and two others set out to visit them and find out who they were.

On the 24th these brethren overtook us. They stated that they had found some of our people at the settlement down the river. This same day we arrived at a place where some white settlers had located. We were told by these people that the Twelve Apostles, with a number of pioneers, had reached Salt Lake Valley and that five hundred wagons were close behind. This to us was glorious news, and the first we had heard definitely concerning the location of the body of the Church or the pioneers.

On the 28th we camped on Bear Creek, where there were a few white families residing.

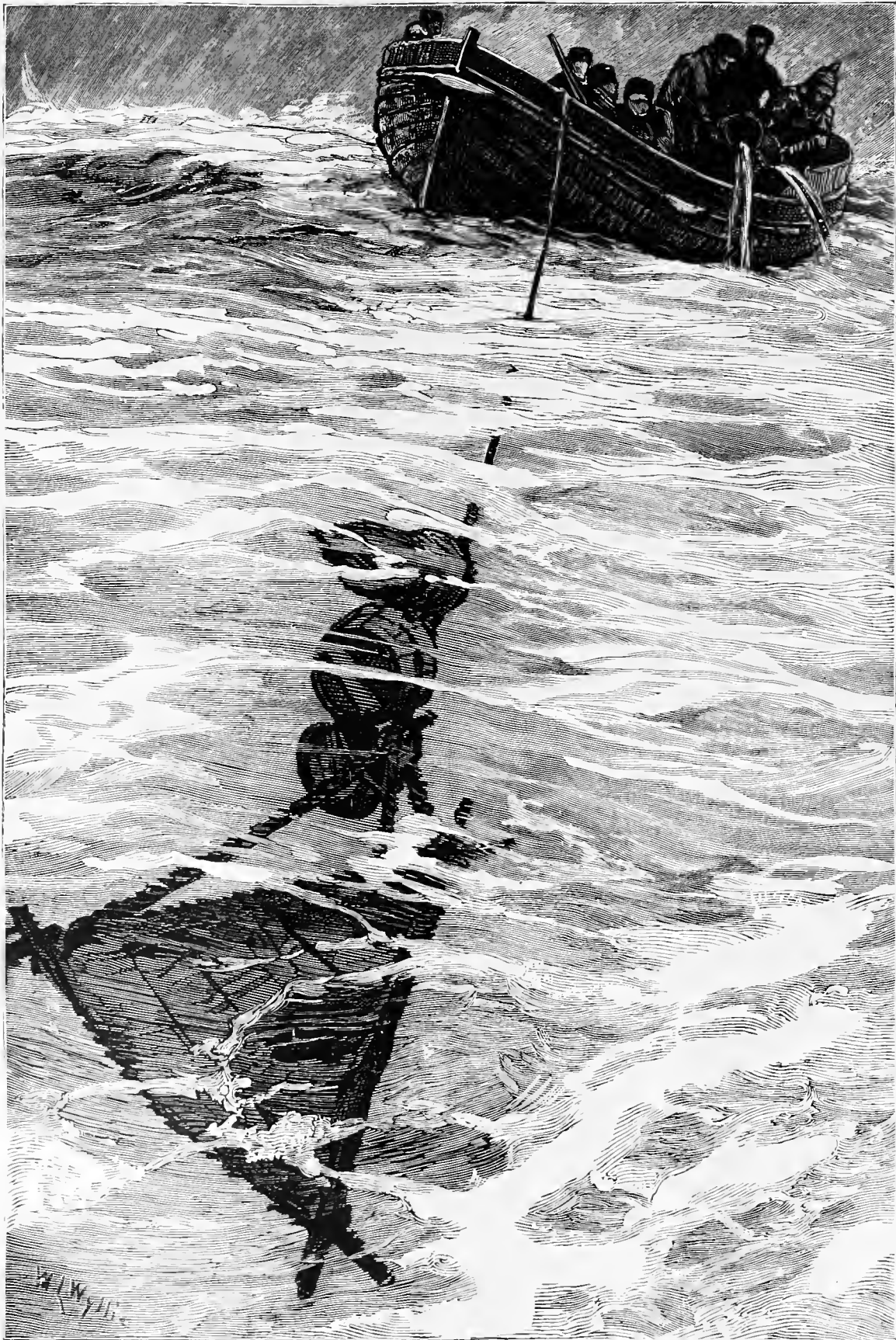
On the 29th we began to penetrate the great Sierras, covered with oak and pine. At 2 o'clock, p.m., we halted for the purpose of making camp for the night. At evening we had a prayer meeting.

On Wednesday, September 1st, we camped in a valley in the mountains. Pea vines were found here as high as a man's head. The valley is surrounded by high California mountains, densely covered with pine timber. The trunks of many of the trees measured ten feet in diameter and more than two hundred feet in height. Near our camp were two wagons left by emigrants. We were told at Sutter's Fort that a company of ninety emigrants were overtaken in a snow storm the previous Fall, while crossing the mountains. The snow fell ten feet deep and fifty of the company perished through starvation and otherwise.

(To be Continued.)

AFFECTED HUMILITY.—True and genuine humility does not lie in a person's affecting the meanest habit, or yet a singularity of dress, however mean, that he may not seem to be proud. I speak not this, however, to cloak the proud gaudiness of any. Excess in costly attire, following vain, strange, light, immodest fashions, is a great sin and shame to our times. Oh, how many are there that in this way glory in their shame! Were the daughters of Zion reproved and threatened for this sin by the prophet Isaiah ever more guilty than multitudes among us at this day? But yet I must tell you that a proud heart may be under vile raiment too. . . . And some there are whose pride lies not so much in gaudy dress and fine clothes, which one would think that none but children and fools would be taken with, as in a high conceit of themselves—their knowledge, light and perfection.

Barrett.



ENGINEER MELVILLE AND LIEUTENANT DANENHOWER'S BOAT RIDING OUT THE ARCTIC GALE, SEPT. 12, 1881.

IN THE ARCTIC SEA.

THE fatal cruise of the *Jeannette* and the loss of her commander, brave DeLong and many of his comrades will not soon pass from human remembrance. With the exception of the withering horror of the Greely expedition, which is almost too dreadful to be put into words, more terrible suffering was never endured by any Arctic explorers than fell to the lot of the courageous voyagers who sailed in the *Jeannette* from San Francisco Bay on the 8th day of July, 1879.

James Gordon Bennett personally supplied the means for this search for the North Pole. He purchased the steam bark *Pandora* and re-christened her the *Jeannette*, furnished her with unlimited stores and obtained a special act of Congress by which she was permitted to sail under our national colors and to be navigated by officers of the United States navy, with all the rights of a government vessel. Lieutenant George W. DeLong was in command; his companions were Lieutenant Charles W. Chipp, Lieutenant John W. Danenhower, Engineer George W. Melville, Surgeon J. M. Ambler, Scientists Jerome J. Collins and Raymond L. Newcomb, twenty-two assistants and seamen and two Chinese cooks.

On the 12th day of August, 1879, the *Jeannette* anchored off the little settlement and block house, St. Michaels or Michaelovski, Alaska, and took on board forty trained dogs, three dog sleds and two native Alaskan hunters. Nine days later the ship resumed her journey northward; and about the 6th of September she was enclosed by the ice-pack in latitude $71^{\circ} 35' N.$ and longitude $175^{\circ} 5' 48'' W.$ Slowly and fatally she was crushed and mangled by the floes and bergs which irresistibly drifted her whither they listed. May 16, 1881, she was in latitude $76^{\circ} 43' 38''$ and longitude $E. 161^{\circ} 42' 30''$.

At first the heroic explorers prayed for the breaking of the pack that they might go onward with their search; but finally they saw that the hour of such deliverance would end the career of their beloved *Jeannette*. She had been irretrievably injured and must sink. On the 12th of June, 1881, she was abandoned, supplies and instruments being taken from her at the risk of the men's lives. The party encamped on the ice and watched. At 4 a.m., the next day, the ice pack split and the brave *Jeannette*, with her colors flying nobly at her mast-head, sank in the insatiable Arctic Sea.

Some of the men were sick and a little delay was required; but on the 17th day of June, 1881, the party started homeward across the ice with sledges, well provisioned and carrying the boats. After one week of toilsome travel to the south-east, the captain found that they were twenty-seven miles farther to the north-west than they were June 17th. The ice was drifting faster than they could march. A more appalling discovery can scarcely be imagined.

However, the drift soon decreased materially in speed and they were able to progress southward to water comparatively open. In latitude $70^{\circ} 38''$ they landed on an island where they remained until August 4th. Then they departed in boats, cruising between the ice floes. The three boats were as follows: the first cutter, manned by DeLong, Ambler, Collins and eleven others; the second cutter, by Chipp and seven others; and the whale boat, by Melville, Danenhower, Newcomb and eight others. DeLong gave orders that in case of unavoidable separation each boat should make the best of its way to the Lena River, which empties from Siberia into the Arctic.

For some time they were able to travel within reach of each other, mutually and courageously sharing their many disasters. But owing to gales and the varied sailing qualities of the boats

this was extremely difficult and often dangerous. Of September 12th, Danenhower writes:

"About dusk the captain stood up in his boat and waved his hands as if to separate. This is what the men say; I did not see it. [Danenhower had been many times blinded through his heroic devotion and his sight was yet dim.] Melville asked my advice and I advised that we should prepare a good drag; so I ordered Cole and Mansen to take three hickory tent poles, each about eight feet in length, lash them in a triangle, and lace a strong piece of cotton canvas across it, then take the boat's painter, and make a span similar to the bellyband of a kite, and to the middle of this span make fast the luff tackle fall. On the lower end of each tent pole was a brass nib, which, with the weight of the wet canvas and the bight of the rope, would, I said, probably make a drag heavy enough; if not, we would send down the firepot and boat bucket to help it. The gale was now in its full force, and seas were running high and spiteful. The drag, having been completed, was placed forward of the mast, in readiness for use. We eased the oars and launched the drag. It drifted about three points on the port bow, so we sent down the spare firepot and a bucket by putting loops, or what we call beackets, on the bales. Cole suggested sending down a painted bag with the mouth open. It filled with water, dragged, and was very effective. We then lay head to sea during the night."

On the morning of the 13th, neither DeLong's nor Chipp's cutter was visible upon the cold, raging sea. During more than four days and twenty hours of that awful time, being under drag, the leaky boat rolled and drifted. Crouching under the thwarts the eleven brave men watched and prayed and worked. Two of their number were constantly engaged in baling water out of their battered little craft. On the morning of September 17th two low points of swamp land were sighted. Providence had carried Danenhower, Melville, Newcomb and their companions to a haven of temporary rest and safety—the mouth of the great Siberian river, Lena.

Oppressed as they were by their own woes and vital necessities; the devoted fellows would not yet desert the cruel sea until they had made a further search for their comrades in the two cutters. They looked in vain; and were compelled to proceed up the river and make a landing. Advancing inland, natives and Russian exiles whom they found treated them with great kindness; but food was scarce. Their duty and necessity required that they should seek civilization; but simultaneous with the progress of the invalid members of their party towards Russia, the able-bodied men were searching for DeLong and Chipp and were sending natives in all directions to spread the facts along the coast and to watch for signs of the lost cutters.

At last Melville encountered two of DeLong's party who had been sent in advance to seek for provisions. They had no news of Chipp's boat, but they reported the crew of the first cutter as starving at the Lena delta.

Danenhower was still disabled and almost blind, but he planned skillfully and worked like a hero. The devoted Melville started back with supplies for their commander and his people. Melville found the spot—and twelve dead bodies. DeLong, Ambler, Collins and nine others had perished of starvation.

Nothing was ever heard from Chipp and his party after the separation on the night of September 12, 1881. Undoubtedly his little boat was swamped and himself and crew were drowned in the sea of ice.

One of the crew of Melville and Danenhower's whale-boat died in Russia of small-pox. All the rest, with the two survivors of DeLong's party subsequently reached New York. Only twelve men, out of thirty three, came back from that dread world of death which they had penetrated. Most of the twelve were maimed and shattered, and one of them was incurably insane from horrors which the expedition endured.

THE RESURRECTION.

SCIENTIFIC AND SCRIPTURAL.

BY ELDER THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

(Continued from page 222.)

HAVING demonstrated mathematically that there is more than enough dead, effete substance in all animal matter to supply the demands of our system for actually assimilated material, the question occurs as to whether or not nature can make the necessary distinction between the fundamental and the non-fundamental portions of any animal substance offered to her for assimilation. Both kinds are unquestionably eaten.

To determine the correct answer to this query we must ascertain whether nature in her assimilating processes, acts with discretion, intelligence and wisdom; or without these qualities. We must also determine what distinguishing characteristics, if any, exist between the essential and the non-essential substance of our bodies and those of all other animals.

First: does nature act intelligently and with discernment in the process of food assimilation? The answer is an emphatic affirmation.

Biological science teaches that bioplasm, a transparent, viscid, colorless, structureless substance is the primal condition of all organic existence. The characteristics of this life principle are infinitely superior to any or all of the properties which belong to ordinary matter. It possesses the power of motion according to its own volition, that is, it moves itself, and without the application of extraneous forces. It also grows by internal absorption, not by external accretion. Possessing the power of self-movement it brings itself in contact with nutrient matter through the operations of a physical law, which causes a current in the opposite direction to the line of motion. Necessary pulbulum is thus floated into the bioplasmic cell, where immediately it is metamorphosed into a state corresponding perfectly with the original mass.

But what becomes of the newly-vitalized matter? As soon as it is quickened it passes out from the bioplasmic cell, and is used in building up bone, and tissue, and nerve, and all of the different parts of our complicated system.

Now, what is the wonderful differentiating power of the protoplasm which enables it to select with unerring certainty just such matter as our natures require? Why, out of about sixty different elements does it select less than a score? Why does this vitalized matter always construct the proper organ in the right place, and, in case of accident, at special but needed times? Why can it not be made to weave a nerve where it ought to build a bone; nor construct a muscle where our finger nails grow? How is it that blood forms bone, muscle, hair, nerve, horn and tissue out of a conglomeration of substances? How is it that the protoplasm becomes conscious of a lack of lime in the body, and will at once set about supplying the deficiency if the proper material be offered? How does it know that six grains of lime are lacking, and but one of iron, and still less of some other substance? How does it acquire its wonderful knowledge of the law of proportion, which it follows with such undeviating fidelity that scientists who are passably familiar with the same law can correctly outline the form of extinct animals or fishes from an examination of a fossil bone, or of a single scale? How does the protoplasm become conscious that matters are not working harmoniously in the remotest parts of the body?

Why do not the stomach and intestines consume themselves, since they operate continuously in the dissolution of other substances similar in composition? Since the acid and alkaline fluids of the digestive organs perform their work so effectually in dissolving the food we eat, what power restrains them from operating also in the same manner upon the vessels which contain them ready for instant use? Red-hot coals burning everything but themselves would be an illustration in analogy with the mystery just mentioned. To account for this strange phenomenon some have presumed that because the digestive organs are simply portions of a living organism while the process of digestion is performing, they themselves escape digestion. This assumption, however, is unfounded, as experiments demonstrate: the ear of a living rabbit has been introduced into the stomach of a living dog and perfectly digested; hence, some other theory must be proposed. But, further, we find nature makes the most arbitrary and unaccountable distinctions in selecting her food material. Chemical analysis cannot detect the slightest difference between the albumen of human blood and the albumen of an egg. Why is it, then, that when egg albumen is injected into man's blood, artificially, nature will not use the material so coaxingly offered; but regards it as something wholly foreign to her purpose?

We defy every infidel objector against the resurrection verity to answer scientifically the series of questions just propounded and not give away the very foundation of all physiological objections to the resurrection doctrine. To reply to them by asserting that nature proceeds thus because it is according to her law, is merely to affirm that matters are as they are because that is the way they are—a true fool's wisest answer.

Life, says the philosopher, is the cause of the phenomena to which the questions refer. Certainly. But what is life? Some scientists define it as "the internal power which co-ordinates the internal movements of germinal matter." This definition simply says that life is a power—the co-ordination, etc., is a result of that power in action; for the co-ordination of internal, as well as the external movements of anything, anywhere, requires the exercise of force or power. Latent power can accomplish nothing, co-ordinate nothing, do nothing. What, then, is power in this sense? Laying aside all deceptive definitions, let us consult Webster, who doubtless is good authority. He says, "Power, in its philosophical sense, means the faculty of doing something, of performing something; the faculty of moving or producing a change in something; the exertion of power proceeds from the will, and, in strictness, no being destitute of will or intelligence can exert power." One more definition from the same authority will be presented. He thus defines *Will*: "That faculty of the *mind* by which we determine either to do or forbear an action; the faculty which is exercised in deciding among two or more objects which we shall embrace or pursue."

Now, science informs us the protoplasm moves itself, and without the application of extraneous forces. Its motion, therefore, is independent of anything but its own will, its own volition.

Further, when the newly-vitalized matter which becomes exactly like the original protoplasmic mass, appears in the blood, it is offered, in the experiment already cited, a substance—albumen—with the alternative of its reception and use or complete rejection. It chooses the latter in a most decisive manner; and, hence, must have a strongly-formed and most arbitrary will; and *will* can be predicated of nothing but *mind*. Just as soon as we admit that protoplasm possesses mind, or intelligence, an explanation is forthcoming for the mysterious

phenomena that are manifested by the assimilating organs of our corporeity. Their operations are guided by intelligence—by mind.

This exists as an inherent quality in protoplasmic substance, or else is communicated to it perpetually by the all-pervading, knowing Spirit of God.

Should both of these theories be rejected, the wisdom displayed by the protoplasm will not be affected. There is no mechanic who can construct a building in the same exact and scientific proportions that protoplasmic matter exhibits in the rearing of our bodies. No engineer can ferret out a weakness in the labor he has undertaken with the unerring certainty with which protoplasm detects a flaw in our bodies. No mathematician can estimate the proper proportion of the different elements required to construct our bodies with the facility and accuracy that protoplasm manifests. No human being endowed with the highest powers of intellect can exercise a more arbitrary and apparently unfounded choice than protoplasm does. Nothing possesses a more stubborn, myielding will.

(To be Continued.)

MANIFESTATIONS OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY VIDL.

DURING the Winter of 1877-8 a young missionary of this Church was traveling in and about Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, proclaiming the doctrines of the gospel wherever an opportunity was presented. In his journeys he came in contact with a family which, for some years, had been connected with the Spiritualists. He preached to these persons, and finally agreed with the head of the family to alternately attend the meetings of the Saints and those of the counterfeit which was originated by Satan.

One evening a Mr. Morse, who was a very noted medium for the manifestation of the power of Spiritualism, arrived at Newcastle for the purpose of giving an exhibition. Our missionary and his friend were present and the former, never having seen anything of the kind before, was astonished at the proceedings.

When the medium entered on the platform he said that if his spirit guide did not fail him he would speak upon the subject "Heaven and Hell." He then sat in a chair, clasped his hands, placing the ends of his thumbs together, and remained in this position for about five minutes, while an organist played a quiet, solemn tune on the instrument. During these moments the face of Mr. Morse appeared to undergo a complete change, twitchings being visible in the upper part of his body, the features becoming somewhat distorted and being overspread by a deathly pallor. At the expiration of this time the medium arose, ascended the pulpit, and for one hour and fifty-five minutes poured forth a volume of the most enchanting oratory. The audience was held as if spell-bound. The speaker did not for a moment open his eyes during the delivery of his discourse.

As he concluded, permission was given for any in the audience who desired it to write questions which the speaker would answer. Quite a number of those present wrote questions on slips of paper, folded the same and as a platter was passed around these were dropped in promiscuously. They were then

taken to the medium who, with his right hand, lifted them one by one from the platter, held them for a moment in his hands before him without unfolding them, during which time he slowly repeated the question aloud, and then, as he threw it aside with his left hand, gave an answer to the question.

Just at that time there was considerable talk among all religious people about the late President Brigham Young, who had died but four or five months previous, and some person in the audience propounded the following question:

"Where is Brigham Young?"

The answer was distinctly given:

"I do not know, he is in the spheres beyond me."

Our missionary asked by note:

"Was Joseph Smith a prophet?"

And received the reply:

"Yes."

"Where do you get your information?" was another of the questions, which was answered:

"From the gates of the celestial city."

To the question whether or not the spirit operating upon Mr. Morse had ever existed in flesh on the earth the reply came:

"Yes. I existed as a professor about four thousand years ago in the vicinity of the Euphrates."

Many other questions were asked and answers given, after which the speaker made movements such as a person does who wakens out of a sound sleep, and after rubbing his eyes some little appeared quite natural again.

On another occasion it was arranged for a spiritual seance to be held at the house of our missionary's friend. The medium at this time was a woman. She arranged those who desired to take part in a circle around the table, upon which they merely touched their extended fingers. The thumbs of each person's hands were arranged so that the ends would come in contact, while the little fingers touched those of the persons sitting on either side.

All this being done the table gradually began to move, first on one side and then on the other until finally it was entirely suspended in the air without any visible support. Our missionary thought at first that some deception was being practiced, but he carefully examined it from all sides and was convinced that his eyes did not deceive him. There were also some manifestations of spirit-rapping, in answer to questions which were asked by various persons present. The method of spelling out replies was as follows: After the question had been propounded, the letters of the alphabet were repeated in regular order until the proper one was reached, when it was indicated by a distinct rap on the table. This letter was then written and the next one necessary for the spelling of a word was obtained in a similar manner. This was continued until the answer was complete.

After the company had practiced for some little time, our missionary sat down to the table with the others, and though he sat in the same position as the remainder, no manifestation was given. The medium then had some of them change places remarking at the same time that there was something present which did not harmonize. No difference, however, was seen even from the change of positions, and, in fact nothing occurred until our missionary moved from the circle, when the movements of the table and the rappings became even more vigorous than before.

Both of these exhibitions were given by gas light, so there was no chance of any deception, such as is frequently practiced in so called spiritual seances.

Now, these were examples of the power of the evil spirit—a spirit which began to manifest itself shortly after the organization of this Church and endeavored to counterfeit the power which God Himself had placed in the latter. The spirit of the false teachers, and which was felt here, produced an unsatisfactory, discontented feeling, instead of a peaceful and happy one, such as the Holy Spirit gives to those upon whom it rests. That the power which made the table move was subject to that given to the servants of God was evident from the fact that operations ceased when our missionary formed a part of the circle. Neither does the Lord show forth His power to gratify the idle curiosity of men, and he only gives His Spirit and authority to those who humbly obey the laws of the everlasting gospel, and prove themselves worthy of receiving these inestimable blessings.

The difference between the workings of the two spirits, and the difference of power existing in the true and counterfeit organizations will always be made apparent to the humble seeker after truth. So it was to the acquaintance of our missionary who, with his entire family, soon afterwards accepted the gospel and is now an honored resident of this Territory.

AFTER EXILE.

BY VASSILI.

CHAPTER XIII.

(Continued from page 247.)

VLADIMIR was barely able to restrain his joy until they could reach their rude bed: then he hugged to his bosom the old, trembling Feodor.

"My beloved father," he whispered, "I could now die almost content. You will be free: you will force justice to be done to your own honest name: you will seek out Olga, who will love you for my sake, until the near hour when she shall know you to love and reverence you for yourself. Together, you two will await my coming: and the consciousness that I have your hope and prayers will nerve me to all the labor of an escape.

A long and painful sigh from the old general broke this rhapsody of the son; and the elder Pojarsky answered:

"In your unselfish gladness, my Vladimir, you forget that the name which was once my own is now forever lost. I have renounced it to buy the body's freedom; and with that renunciation I have purchased a new slavery. Besides, one half of that dear cause which prompted me to seek for liberty has vanished. Should I return to St. Petersburg, instead of meeting the welcome of your sainted mother—martyred, alas! for me in her youth and beauty—I must encounter the relatives of the dead Hulinski; whom I have defrauded of his name and pardon. The part is difficult, almost impossible. I can not go to a foreign land; life would hold no joy for me away from Russia, which yet I love as a boy loves the mother that suckled him."

"No, no, dear son," Feodor continued in a solemn, sad whisper: "we must find a plan whereby *you* shall be able to take Hulinski's pardon for your own. I hear the breakers of my tumultuous life already dashing upon the shore of that other land: with you, a peaceful ocean will stretch infinitely away into God's own sunshine. Wherever you may go—into what-

ever country you may be led for safety—you will be at home, for Princess Olga will be at your side."

Vladimir interrupted these self-sacrificing words with a warm protestation. By all that is sacred in religion and love he conjured his father to accept the release; and he further swore that he would never leave the arsenic mine until he could feel certain that Feodor also would escape.

Once more General Pojarsky was obliged to relinquish his fond project. The very worth of Vladimir, which prompted the general's attempt, prevented the son's acceptance of the sacrifice.

The next day Oserov was not on duty in the mine, but on the third day following he resumed his old station in the corridor leading to the shaft, and near to the entrance of the abandoned chamber.

At intervals during that day the three friends sought conference together and thoroughly debated the circumstances of their present situation and their future hopes. In this discussion and in the arrangement of a plan which would give promise of success, the strong sense and goodness of Oserov were of incalculable benefit; for the father and son each seemed determined that every possible advantage should be given to the other, and the deciding voice of Paul, the sentry, was constantly called into use.

After much talk, Oserov reviewed their conclusions and stated their final plan:

"In a few days my term of duty here will have expired. I shall hasten to Nijni Novgorod and there obtain my discharge from the army. I shall remain at Nijni Novgorod and watch every imperial courier who departs. If his destination is Ekaterinburg or Berezovsk—a point upon which, as an old and reputable soldier, I can easily gain information—I will follow him within a day; and will hover with horses upon the road leading out from Ekaterinburg to Nijni Novgorod. When the release comes for Nicolaus Hulinski—and I feel confident that before many months it will come—General Pojarsky must accept his liberty and depart from this place, and find means of conveying the news to me. Lieutenant Pojarsky will then seize the earliest opportunity of escaping through the old shaft, and will join me where I wait. General Pojarsky must travel to Nijni Novgorod in the government conveyance; and once arrived there he must remain under pretense of illness or for some other ostensible reason until we can communicate with him. The Lieutenant Vladimir and myself will be able to overcome all dangers, I have no doubt, and we will be able to send to the General news of our safety and of a place where we can all reunite without fear."

Despite all their hopes it was a sorrowful hour for Feodor and Vladimir one morning when they stood in the guard house door and saw a detachment of soldiery take up the march for Ekaterinburg, thence to proceed to the capital; nor was the sadness of the two exiles greater than that of the departing Oserov. Parting words, even glances of recognition, were impossible; but each one of the three friends sensed from his own feelings what was passing in the minds of his companions.

Each one of the three felt a poignant regret at the separation; and Feodor and his son required all their staunch resolution to enable them without a word to witness Paul's departure, while that faithful fellow could so little endure the parting that his usual and enforced military composure was sadly shaken. But for the consciousness that the plan, deliberately formed after a careful consideration of the case, was the only possible

means of success, the brave soldier would have yielded to the temptation which he felt to throw himself at General Pojarsky's feet and swear to abide with his friends.

At length the little cavalcade moved away and the last glance which Oserov caught of the Pojarskys viewed them treading the weary path which led to their place of daily torture; their arms were folded and their heads were bowed as they moved along, and Paul breathed towards their toil-worn frames a solemn prayer.

The brief Summer of the Ural region was in its beautiful waning when Paul and his companions left the mines at Berezovsk.

Their progress was very rapid, for their leader was a young officer anxious to be once more with his pretty sweetheart on the banks of the Neva; while several of the soldiers, like Oserov, were entitled to a discharge, and their eagerness to be freed from the rigorous discipline of military service encouraged the lover in his most ardent haste.

In the expectation of approaching happiness severity was relaxed; and Paul made bold to solicit the favor of his leader in his proposed effort to secure his discharge at Nijni Novgorod instead of waiting until St. Petersburg should be reached.

With the devoted object which he had in view, the soldier felt justified in giving the most plausible reasons which he could imagine for his request; and he was gratified by receiving the assurance that he should have his leader's influence and would undoubtedly be given his discharge at the Nijni Novgorod fort.

The first frosts of the advancing Autumn were touching the waters with fragile crystals and tinting the leaves with brilliance when Oserov found himself in the city of the great fairs.

There was little difficulty in obtaining his release from military control; and by the time his companions were ready to take steamer up the Volga, Oserov was free and in good quarters adjoining the barracks. Knowing that any courier carrying imperial orders through Nijni Novgorod would necessarily report to the military authorities at the fort, Paul used every endeavor to make acquaintance there that he might visit frequently and without suspicion.

After the formality of his discharge was concluded, he continued to call at the fort; and in all his strolls about the city he was accompanied by one or more of the soldiers or petty officers who were off duty.

In return for the hospitality which he extended most judiciously he received all the news and gossip retailed through the mess-rooms.

Oserov felt every assurance that he would learn of any courier's arrival or departure, and even had strong hopes that he would be able to learn the general nature of each courier's mission.

But Autumn was passing swiftly into the long Winter, and no word had yet come. Paul wondered if his absent friends were enduring with fortitude the long delay. He greatly feared that they might lose their patience and sacrifice all hope of success by some hasty move; that the general's health might fail and the impetuous Vladimir throw off all restraint in his anxiety for his father; or that some disastrous discovery of Feodor's identity might be made and his escape forever rendered impossible.

Often, during the lengthy time of waiting, Paul sprang from his sleepless pillow and vowed his determination to start for Berezovsk with the morning light; but each time he withdrew

his rash resolution and concluded to be patient yet a further time.

Winter was rushing down the Volga, congealing its waves into a solid roadway and breathing the frost of death upon all tender verdure, when one day a man, wearing the uniform of an imperial courier, passed the lodgings of Oserov.

Paul had been peering through the window of his warm room and had seen the stranger. Without waiting to seize his overcoat, and only catching a cap from its peg near the door, he burst from the house and rushed after the retreating figure. Fortunately for Paul, the courier soon turned into a tavern, which was a common resort for the soldiers; and Paul, following him, was able to take shelter out of the snowy street.

The courier greeted some of his old acquaintances who were new friends of Oserov and in a few moments Paul was conversing with the imperial messenger as if they had been sworn comrades.

It soon was developed that the courier was on his way to the Ural Mountains, and that he was intending to wait at Nijni Novgorod for a military company which was about to be dispatched to Ekaterinburg.

You may be sure that Paul did not allow this valuable acquaintanceship to languish. He made himself, in the ensuing two or three days, the boon companion of the courier; and learned that this indeed was the man for whose coming he had so long hoped. The courier only knew or would only reveal so much of his message as that he was carrying to Ekaterinburg the release of a high state prisoner who was toiling in the mines at Berezovsk; but Oserov did not need to hear the name of the pardoned exile. He knew that the hour had come for action.

His course had been long matured and his preparations were brief and unsuspecting in their nature. He had long before given out that it was his intention to visit some relatives at Simbirsk before returning to St. Petersburg; and now he announced his readiness for that journey.

One cold, blustering morning Paul saw the courier and the detachment of soldiers leave the fort on their toilsome journey beyond the great mountain range; and that night he followed in a sledge drawn by three swift and wiry horses.

(To be Continued).

CHANGE OF COLOR IN FISH—It is a well-known fact among anglers that in nearly every case the color of fish, especially trout, is particularly adapted to the portion of the stream which they inhabit. If a living black trout be placed in a light-colored basin filled with clear spring-water, within half-an-hour its color will be of a perceptibly lighter tinge, while if it be placed in a similar colored jar for some days, it will become absolutely white; but if, when in this state, it be placed in a dark-colored or black jar, although at first it contrasts strongly with the dark ground, in the course of a quarter of an hour its color will assimilate so completely with that of the jar, that it will be a difficult matter to distinguish it. No doubt this faculty of changing color is furnished to enable them to escape from their numerous enemies, both within and without their native element; but whether the act is voluntary or involuntary on their part, has not yet been satisfactorily determined.

WORDS are like leaves: and where they most abound
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

THE LORD IS KING.

By A. M. Fox.

Moderato. *Cres.* *ff*

pp The Lord He is King, The Lord is King, Praise ye His name in ev'-ry land.

p Praise Him, praise Him all ye peo-ple, praise Him, praise Him all ye people,

Cres. *p* praise Him, praise Him, praise Him all ye peo-ple. For His mer-ci-ful, for His

mer-ci-ful, for His mer-ci-ful kindness en-dur-eth for-ev-er. Hal-le-lu-jah,

hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah. A-men, a-men.

AUTUMN.

Time of the rushing flood and dying flower,
 When the changed grove, with russet garments sere,
 Yields its last chaplet for the saddened year,
 And desolating tempests thin the bower.
 Making wild music to the wanderer's ear,
 I love thee for thy melancholy power.—
 There is a moral on thy faded leaf,
 A sympathy within thy clouded sky,
 Well suited to the softening hour of grief,
 And not ungrateful to the tearful eye,
 Or heart, which gives the imprisoned thought relief,
 In unrestrained complaint when none is by,
 And fancies, in thy breezes' solemn tone,
 The answering sigh of earth, responsive to its own.

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